DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 188 164 CS 205 458

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TITLE The Humanities in Asia: Recommendations of Reischauer.
PUB DATE Feb 80
NOTE 20p.: Paper presented at the Midwest Regional Conference on English in the Two-Year College (Kalamazoo, MI, February 14-16, 1980).

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC01 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS *Asian Studies; Chinese Culture; *English Curriculum; Higher Education; *Humanities; Islamic Culture; *Literature Appreciation; *Non Western Civilization; Secondary Education; *World Literature

ABSTRACT

This paper draws from the writings of Edwin C. Reischauer to support its arguments that high school and college curricula should be extended to include Asian culture, particularly the humanities of China, Japan, India, and medieval Islam. The following literature selections are proposed and highlighted: (1) India and Southeast Asia: the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata," the dramatist Kalidasa, the poet Tagore, and Muhammad Iqbal; (2) China: "The Book of Poetry," and the poets Li Po, Tu Fu, and Mao Tse-tung; (3) Japan: the book of essays by a Buddhist priest named Kenko, the poetry of a Buddhist monk named Saigyo, and the first great anthology of early Japanese poetry entitled "The Manyoshu"; and (4) the medieval Islamic world: the epic poems "Shah-Nama" and "Book of Kings," as well as the "Rubaiyat" and the poetry of Sa'di and Hafiz. (HOD)

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Norberta Davlin The Humanities in Asia: Recommendations of Reischauer

Martin Luther King's admission, "I have a dream" is well-known. I, too, have a dream, specifically, that our curricula might be extended to include Asian culture. I refer, particularly, to the humanities, namely, religion, philosophy, literature, drama, art, together with music and dance as these are related to religion and drama. I wish that our students might acquire sufficient knowledge of these to develop an appreciation of an Asian culture.

Today, our more thoughtful periodicals sound a clear message of the need for a deeper knowledge and appreciation of non-Western cultures: there is a strong suspicion that we have concerned ourselves too long with European civilizations, excluding the Asian, African and Latin-American. At present, our insufficient knowledge of Asian culture, in particular, is stressed because of our increasing contacts with China, Japan, the Middle East and Southeast Asia. Edwin Reischauer, former ambassador from the United States to Japan, and now, again, professor of history at Harvard, has tirelessly devoted his energies to the writing of books and articles, and the delivery of lectures and videotape presentations on the pressing need for the teaching of non-Western cultures.

To me it seems that the slowness of our schools to address this need has its source in the language problem. Many of us grew up in a school system which recommended at least two years of a foreign language in high school: Latin French, Spanish, German and others. A portion of those courses dealt with the civilizations and pupils enjoyed brief glimpses of other cultures, often continuing their study in college. But how different is the present situation as regards Chinese, Japanese and Arabic! There is, today, an insufficient number of teachers of those languages in colleges and universities, to say nothing of lower levels. Moreover, Asian languages, with one exception to my knowledge, do not use the Roman alphabet, as the Romance languages do,

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and students of those languages must deal with characters very different from the letters with which they are familiar and with other serious difficulties.

How could these linguistic hurdles in the teaching of Asian culture be met? To me it seems that a possible solution would be a reversal of the procedure followed in the teaching of Western languages and cultures, specifically, that the cultures be taught first and the languages last, if at all. The humanities of China, Japan, India and the medieval Islamic world (the high point of Islamic civilization), are among the greatest in the history of the world. Serious pupils and students in accelerated classes could be made aware of some of these in senior high and junior college. Doubtless, more students would later be motivated to undertake a study of the Asian language than is now the case. However, even if they never studied the language, simply to have been exposed to a great culture other than their own would be a broadening experience.

The objection presents itself: "But high school teachers are not qualified to teach Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism and the Muslim religion, to say nothing of Asian philosophy, literature and art!" True; however, there are many attractive paper-back and hard-cover books on these subjects available today. Furthermore, there are teachers who would welcome the challenge of delving into a fascinating world of learning along with their students. Granted that this type of teaching is undesirable, would it not be preferable to prolonging the present vacuum? During the 40's and 50's, science teachers and the NSF met the challenge of the Russian Sputnik by in-service and summer school courses. Could we not do the same in the present need?

What is the opinion of Edwin Reischauer about the teaching of cultures other than our own? In his book, Toward the 21st Century: Education for a Changing World, the historian asserts that a world community is rapidly super-

seding the nation as the ultimate unit of human cooperation. He writes:

> Before long, humanity will face many grave difficulties that can only be solved on a global scale. Education, however, as it is presently conducted in this country, is not moving rapidly enough in the right direction to produce the knowledge about the outside world and the attitudes toward other peoples that may be essential for human survival within a generation or two. This, I feel, is a much greater problem than the military balance of power that absorbs so much of our attention today.[1]

Reischauer distinguishes three groups of people who may well make up the world community of the future. The largest group would consist of a very high percentage of persons having a genuine sense of being members of a world community. His definition of world citizenship is twofold: world citizenship is the common identification of people as human beings, and an emotional awareness of the shared interests of all.

People of former ages thought of themselves as "We Athenians," "We Germans," and so on. Today, we must regard ourselves as "We human beings," or face annihilation. The task of inculcating an awareness and realization of world citizenship Reischauer assigns to the elementary and secondary schools, and this for two reasons: first, most persons do not reach the level of higher education and, secondly, a sense of world citizenship is probably formed early in life or not at all.

The smallest group that he envisions consists of thousands of diplomats, other government experts, foreign correspondents and some business men who would need expert knowledge of foreign areas and highly developed communication skills in foreign languages. It is his opinion that the best place for creating such centers of training and research are those universities which could buttress these studies by comparable activities in closely related

[1] Edwin O. Reischauer, Toward the 21st Century: Education for a Changing World. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1973), p.4.

fields.

Between these two groups, the one extremely large, the other relatively small, the scholar distinguishes a group consisting of millions of persons possessing considerable knowledge of foreign areas, though less than that of the specialist. Much of the burden of providing such knowledge would devolve upon undergraduate college educators, who, he feels, receive students better prepared for a broader, more sophisticated encounter with other cultures than are high school pupils. It is his opinion that to become a responsible citizen, the average college student should acquire some knowledge of a foreign culture and also an awareness of problems of international relations through acquaintance with at least one of the less familiar parts of the world such as Latin America, Eastern Europe or the non-Western world. With this background a student would be able to approach other areas more perceptively and sympathetically.

A freshman entering college in 1980 may be a working member of society from about 1985 until around 2025. Obviously, he will need a far greater understanding of the outside world than did earlier generations. Reischauer is convinced that education is not moving rapidly enough in providing knowledge about the world beyond our shores and in developing an attitude toward the people of that world which, in a few generations, will be essential for survival. He advises a complete restructuring of the curriculum from kindergarten through 12th grade. A course of study of the humanities in China, Japan, India or Medieval Islam would not include the detailed study of social, political and economic history expected in a course in the civilization of an area and would be in line with Professor Reischauer's recommendations for the secondary school curriculum. Perhaps, in the secondary school, a course in the huhumanities in Asia would be restricted to the more serious pupils and accelerated classes.

The Humanities in Asia :

Suggested Course and Citations of Literature

Let us suppose that there is a teacher of English courageous enough to introduce a course dealing with the humanities in Asia. Which departments would she like to have cooperate with her in such a venture? Chiefly, social science, religion, philosophy, art, and music and dance as these appear in drama and religion. Which countries would be included? Those countries which have been the chief sources of Asian culture, namely, China, Japan, India and medieval Islam. This study of Asian culture would, in each case, begin with a brief survey of the history and principal geographic features of the area, to be provided by the social science department.

It would be the task of the religion department (or, perhaps, the philosophy or social science department) to introduce students to the world religions of Hinduism, Buddhism and the Muslim religion, since members of these are present in large numbers in almost every Asian country. Philosophies taught in an introductory course would include those of Confucius, Lao-Tzu and Zen Buddhism.

Let us turn, now, to some specifics as to the pieces of literature which might be included. Most of those which will be proposed are of world literature calibre and will be considered in this order: India, China, Japan and Medieval Islam. Comparable to the Iliad and Odyssey in the literature of the West are the Ramayana and Mahabharata in the literature of India and Southeast Asia. These epics were probably composed in the millenium before Jesus, and were later written down in Sanskrit. Nehru, the great prime minister of India, asserted that a knowledge of these is essential for a complete understanding of India and her people, since in all social classes the Story of Rama has been a vital force. He cites, particularly, the influence upon Indian women of the story of Sita, the tale of whose sufferings and constancy is related to them in childhood and later taught in the family circle.

The setting of the Ramayana is South India and Ceylon, (modern Sri Lanka). the exploration of which opened the area to settlement. Ceylon is depicted as a forest land inhabited by bears, monkeys and other fearful monsters. In fact, when Rama fights successfully against Ravana, the demon king of Ceylon, he is assisted by an army of monkeys. Adaptations of the Ramayana exist throughout India and Southeast Asia,and its episodes are enacted in dance and song at village festivals. Temples built in honor of Rama relate his exploits in their sculptures. The other great epic, the Mahabharata, is eight times as long as the Iliad and Odyssey combined. This is a fabulous narration of the dynastic struggle between descendants of the Aryan king, Bharata, in the 9th century B.C., when Aryan tribes had coalesced into nations. An often-quoted passage from this epic is the"Bhagavad-Gita,"in which the god Krishna speaks with Arjuna, a young warrior confounded and grief-stricken at the prospect of killing in battle his cousins and friends.

A dramatist who is often called the Shakespeare of India is Kalidasa. For fifteen centuries he has been read more widely than any other writer of Sanskrit. His great work is the drama Shakuntula. It is a beautiful story of young love, reminiscent of a portion of the Odyssey, informative about Indian ideals and the beauties of the Indian countryside, and, as many Indian stories do, it revolves around a curse. The Panchatantra (Five Books) has been called by literary critics the world's best collection of short stories. These fables took shape in Kashmir, about 200 B.C. In the Indian version, two jackals have the parts given in Europe to Reynard the Fox by La Fontaine in France, and to Reinecke by Goethe in Germany.

Have you heard of Tagore, the Indian poet, philosopher,dramatist and educator? In their enthusiasm William Butler Yeats and Ezra Pound sent a cablegram to the editor of Poetry magazine to tell her that they had discovered a truly great poet. In 1913, Tagore became the first Asian to receive the

Nobel Prize for literature, specifically, for his book of poems entitled Gitanjali. One of Tagore's most persistent efforts was the furthering of international understanding, making several ocean voyages to England, Japan and the United States with this end in view, and establishing a school near his home for that purpose. The following essay, "A Japanese Garden," was written during one of those long journeys.

After going a long way from Kobe by car, we first of all entered a garden deeply filled with shade and peace and beauty. These people know what a garden means. That gardening does not mean working geometrical problems on the earth by laying down some gravel and planting trees is realized as soon as one enters a Japanese garden. The eyes and hands of the Japanese have achieved a freshness of beauty directly from Nature; they know equally well how to see and how to make. . . .

There was practically no furniture in the rooms of the tea house, yet one felt as if they were full of something, and resonant. There is, perhaps, a single picture or a single vessel somewhere in the room. The guests examine it carefully and satisfy themselves in silence. A real thing of beauty requires a large open space: to keep beautiful things crowded together is to insult them.

The host appeared and told us that for special reasons he had assigned to his daughter the duty of serving the tea. After bowing to us, she proceeded. From her entrance to every stage of tea-making, everything seemed to be performed in rhythm: washing , lighting the fire, opening the lid of the tea-pot, taking down the vessel of hot water, pouring out the tea into cups, placing them before the guests. Every act was performed with such poise and grace that it must be seen to be believed. Every utensil belonging to this tea ceremony is rare and beautiful. It is the duty of the guests to turn these vessels around and around and observe them carefully; each possesses a special name and history. The amount of care lavished on

these deserves description.

The idea is to control thoroughly the mind and body, letting beauty penetrate into one's inmost nature with a calm and dispassionate frame of mind. It is not the reckless dissipation of the sensualist; there is not the slightest trace of excess anywhere. To draw oneself far away from the mind's surface, where the waves are constantly rising and falling to the clash of selfish propensities and the winds of various needs and wants, and to bury oneself in the depths of beauty--this is the moral of the tea ceremony.

In the 20th century, the most distinguished representative of the Muslims of India was Muhammad Iqbal, who was decorated by the British government in 1922, for excellence in literature. The anniversary of his death is a national holiday in Pakistan. As a Pan-Islamist, Iqbal wished the Islamic countries to be, once again, strong, prosperous nations, a desire which is shared by many Islamic peoples today. Iqbal's poem "Sicily" expresses that longing. It was written during a stay in Sicily, which was a very thriving, progressive area in the Middle Ages.

Weep bloody tears, such as have never flowed from you:
See the graves which encompassed the wealth and splendor of the Arabs.

These cities were tents in which the sons of the desert paused,
Whose ships long ago gamboled on the blue waves.

Whose tread, like an earthquake, once destroyed the seats of kings,
Whose sword, like flame, razed kingdom on kingdom.

They spelt doom to the old world when they were born,
They, before whose anger, injustice trembled.

Whose words Rise! Rise! gave life to all lands,
Who unchained mankind from superstition : . . . .

O Sicily, proud island, most beautiful in all the Oceans,
Like a beacon you stand on the ways of the water-desert . . . .

Long ago, you were the cradle of my people's growth,
Whose beauty, loomed to brilliance, shone to the remotest distance.

Once, when Baghdad fell, Saadi let his loud dirge sound,
And Dagh went hot tears when Delhi fell.

When the wrath of heaven destroyed Granada, our lovely Kingdom,
Ibn Badrun sang in sorrow and my people heard his lament.

Hurry, and paint new colors on the old picture,
Speak to me of old times and the happiness which is dead to us.

That I may take back to India what you have given me,
And there let others weep, too, as I lament for you. 2

Let us conclude this brief glance at Indian literature with a contemporary poem entitled "The Secret." It was chosen because it illustrates what an interesting study can be made of the subject matter of similes and metaphors in the various literatures of the world. In Japan, the back of a girl's or woman's neck is considered a point of beauty. In India, young men are intrigued by pretty hands and toes.

As I gaze on your skin
More delicate than the plantain leaf,
I know the secret of the weaver's skill.
As I behold your eyes,
Colored lovelier than rain,
I know the painter's secret.

When I hear your voice,
Majestic as the voice of a steed,
I know the musician's mystery.
When I look, lost, at your fingers and toes,
More magical than lotus petals,
I know all arts. [3]

When we turn to the literature of China, we find that the first great work was an anthology of 305 poems entitled The Book of Poetry. Many of these poems are thought to have been composed by common people of the third to the eleventh centuries B.C., and later polished by scholars employed by the court. Some of these are reminiscent of early English ballads, as, for example, the following. (It was customary for the young bride to go to the home of her husband as her new residence.)

That the mere glimpse of a plain cap
Could harry me with such longing.
Cause pain so dire!

That the mere glimpse of a plain coat
Could stab my heart with grief!
Enough! Take me with you to your home.

That a mere glimpse of plain leggings
Could tie my heart in tangles!
Enough! Let us two be one. [4]

There is common agreement that Li Po and Tu Fu were the greatest poets of the Golden Age of Chinese poetry, the 8th century. A description of Li's appearance catches the spirit of the man: "He liked to wear a garment made entirely of flowers, and then, with his bright, hungry, tigerish eyes, his black hair flowing over his shoulders, his arms akimbo, he would recite poetry

deliriously, as though the gods were speaking through him." The following poem was written near the end of his life and exemplifies Li's poetic power:

Sea voyagers talk about fairy islands
Lost in mists and waves, and hard to reach.
The men of Yueh speak of the T'ien-mu Mountain . . . .
I scale the mountain among azure clouds . . . .
Lured by flowers, I lean on a rock and suddenly it becomes dark.
Bears roar, dragons chant - the thundering cascade . . . .
Clad in rainbow garments and riding on the wind,
The Lords of Clouds descend in long processions . . . .
The fairies stand in rows like a field of hemp.
Suddenly startled, my soul shivers:
Dazed, I awake in fright and I heave a long sigh . . . .
I would tend a white deer on the green cliff
And ride it whenever I go to visit famous mountains.
How could I lower my eyebrows, bend my waist to serve those with power and wealth,
And deny myself the joys of a smiling face and a buoyant heart? [5]

The second great Chinese poet, Tu Fu, was the opposite of Li Po in almost every respect, though they were close friends. The life of Tu Fu was that of an impoverished scholar, much of it spent in wandering throughout his beloved China, with only nine years at the Imperial Court. He hoped that reforms would be brought about by his drawing attention to abuses at the court, cruelties and injustices in the conscription of soldiers, sufferings of the people and the devastation caused by incessant wars. The following are lines from one of his best-loved poems.

The Trip North

In the autumn of the second year of His Majest's reign,
I, Tu Fu, am about to proceed on my journey north
And am at a loss how important I should consider my family.
These are times of crisis,
None has the right of leisure either at Court or away.
I am conscience-stricken at my reception of His Majesty's favors
In the decree permitting me to return to my distant hut.

The road over the rocks bears deep tracks of ancient carts.
When I rise among the thin clouds, my spirit, too, is elevated -
My thoughts are carried to the scenes of hermitage
Close to nature and far from the turmoil of men;
The more must I regret that the course of my life has been a mistake.

More than one year it took me to reach the thatched hut again -
To find my wife in clothes with a hundred patches.
Her cries when she saw me wailed like a sharp wind through the pines;
Her subdued sobs were like a gurgling brook.
The boy that has been the joy of my life,
Wears a face paler than snow.
He turned his back to me and wept;
I saw that his feet were dirty and without shoes or socks.

Before my couch my two little daughters stand
In patched dresses that barely cover their knees.
The waves of the ocean do not match
On the embroidered pieces cut from an old dress.
The sea monster and the purple phoenix

(cont.)

Are inverted on the short skirts.
Who can blame an old man for feeling ill at heart?
Nausea confines me for several days in bed.
Of course I have some cloth in my bag
That may be used to spare my family from the cold.
There are also some cosmetics in little packages;
The silly girls are trying to dress their own hair.
Imitating their mother, they will play with anything:
They smear their hands in the jars of the morning make-up.
In a minute powder and rouge color their cheeks.
And the eyebrows are painted askew and too broad.
To return alive and be with these children
Enables me to forget the hunger and the thirst.
They shower me with questions, they pull my beard:
Who has the heart to make them stop?
When I recall my weary days among the rebels
All this noisy pestering I joyfully accept. [6]

Let us conclude these references to Chinese literature with a portion of a poem by Mao Tse-tung, commenting upon the changes taking place in China:

Here a grand scheme takes shape:
A bridge flying across
Turning into a broad road Heaven's moat
that used to separate the north from the south.
Building a stone wall to the west
Will cut off the rain fallen on the Wu Mountain,
To create a towering dam above a mirror-like lake.
The goddess of the Wu Mountain should be unchanged,
But only startled by the changed world. [7]

Let us begin our consideration of a small portion of Japanese literature with some quotations from a book of essays by a Buddhist priest of the 14th century named Kenko. These have often formed part of college entrance examinations in Japan, and Donald Keene, of the Japanese Literature Department of Columbia University, commented that they would surely be included in any list of the ten most important works of Japanese literature. The most memorable portions of Kenko's work are those in which he writes of beauty. One of the principles that he stresses is the impermanence of beauty, closely allied to which is his appreciation of the irregular and incomplete. This appreciation extends to older things. He writes:

> It is all too apt to happen that a man's possessions betray his inferiority . . . I refer to the practice of deliberately building in a tasteless and ugly manner "to keep the house from showing its age." . . . . Possessions should look old, not overly elaborate; they need not cost much, but their quality should be good.

In another context he writes:

> A man should avoid displaying deep familiarity with any subject. Can one imagine a well-bred man talking with the air of a know-it-all, even about a matter with which he is in fact familiar? . . . . It is impressive when a man is always slow to speak, even on subjects he knows thoroughly.[9]

A Buddhist monk of a different type was Saigyo, a favorite of the people because of his sincerity and the integrity of his life. In the following poem, which appears in a great 12th century anthology, he muses on life after death:

> Already deeply entered,
> As I inquire of the pathway of the gods
> About what lies beyond,
> Above me looms a matchless peak
> Where the wind sings in the pines.[10]

By way of contrast, let us consider poetry of a far less sophisticated era. The Manyoshu is the first great anthology of early Japanese poetry and its more than 4,000 poems were probably composed in the century before 760 A.D., thus coinciding with the time of Caedmon in England. The Japanese people love this poetry for it reflects the spirit which they feel is most characteristic of them: a spirit of simplicity and sincerity. The following dialogue poem is by Hitomaro:

If the thunder rolls for a while
And the sky is clouded, bringing rain,
Then you will stay beside me.

Even when no thunder sounds
And no rain falls, if you but ask me,
Then I will stay beside you. 11

The difference in the attitudes toward government which is noticeable in early Chinese and Japanese poetry is interesting. Speaking generally, Chinese poets were as critical of government as are contemporary American writers, but not so the Japanese, for the emperor was regarded as of divine ancestry and so, the state of the country was not to be clearly denounced. Okura, one of the great Japanese poets, concludes as follows a poem describing the poverty suffered by his family:

Must it be so hopeless -
The way of this world?
Nothing but pain and shame in this world of man,
Wanting the wings of a bird. 12

In the literature of the medieval Islamic world, Persian poetry was outstanding. The great epic poem of Persia is the Shah-Nama, the Book of Kings, by the 10th century poet Firdausi. Writing a few centuries after the conquest of Persia by the Arabs, Firdausi frankly lauds the previous Zoroastrian culture.

Firdausi's heroes are the characteristic epic type: men of superhuman strength (Rostam was a giant),their chief motives being the duty of retaliation. The structure of the Shah-Nama is episodic and the episode of Sohrab and Rustam is, perhaps, the greatest. It forms the substance of Tennyson's poem"Sohrab and Rustam." The tragedy of the tale is the repeatedly-uttered lie as to the identity of Rostam, a lie which leads to the killing by Rostam of his son Sohrab. The following conversation between Sohrab and his father Rostam takes place immediately before their dual combat.

"My delicate young man, the earth is hard and cold and the air soft and warm. At my hands many a Div has met his fate and in no contingency have I ever suffered defeat. Observe me well during the continuance of this battle, for if you remain alive you will never again fear a dragon. Seas and mountains have beheld me in conflict and the stars are witness to my prowess against the most renowned warriors of Turan. When it comes to valour, the whole earth is below my feet. My heart urges me to be compassionate towards you and I am loath to detach your soul from your body. Possessed of such arms and shoulders, you are unlike any Turk, and even in Iran, I know no parallel to you."

While this speech was being uttered by Rostam, the heart of Sohrab leapt towards him so that he said,

"Let me ask you a question and let all be established on a foundation of truth. Recount your origins to me with every detail, and let me be rejoiced by your kindly story. It is my belief that you are Rostam and that you derive from the noble seed of Niram."

Rostam answered, "I am not Rostam nor am I of the stock of Sam, son of Niram. He is a hero and I a humbler being, possessed neither of throne nor rank nor crown."

After his lively expectations, Sohrab now fell into despondency and the face of bright day became dark before him. 13

The story of the Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam (Omar, Son of the Tent-maker) is one of the most unusual in all literary history! Khayyam (d.1132), a native of Khurasan, was the leading mathematician of his time. His biographers ascribe no poetry to him, though, like most well-educated Iranians, he composed occasional quatrains. He made himself disliked by the clergy of his day for his satire concerning the hypocrisy of the pious. In short, he would, undoubtedly, be unknown to us today had not Edward Fitzgerald, a 19th century English scholar, decided to paraphrase some of the independent, unconnected quatrains and to re-arrange them into one long English poem. Really, a completely unorthodox procedure, for who would think of stringing together one hundred epigrams? Yet, the result, published in 1859, was amazingly successful and is a favorite today in many languages.

The following two stanzas are, perhaps, the best-known:

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse - and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness -
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

The second stanza voices the poet's conviction that, given the opportunity, he could improve upon the world as created by the Supreme Being:

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits - and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

Sa'di and Hafiz are two of Iran's most beloved poets. Both were natives of Shiraz, to which tourists travel in order to view in their beautiful settings, the fine tombs built in their honor. The following poem by Sa'di seems a concise statement of Reischauer's concept of the unity of all men as human beings :

Sons of Men

All sons of men are members of one body
formed of one quintessence.
If misfortune troubles any one of them
there is no rest for the others.

You
that are indifferent to others' pain
do not deserve the name of man.

The 14th century poet Hafiz has had many translators of his poems, in part, no doubt, because of his inimitable talent in versifying, but chiefly, one would guess, because of Hafiz' ability to express what many have felt.

Saki, for God's love, come and fill my glass;
Wine for a breaking heart, O Saki, bring!
For this strange love which seemed at first, alas!
So simple and so innocent a thing,
How difficult it is!
Because the night-wind kissed the scented curl
On the white brow of a capricious girl,
And, passing, gave me half the stolen kiss,
Who would have thought one's heart could bleed and break
For such a very little thing as this?
Wine, Saki, wine - red wine, for pity's sake!

O Saki, would to God that I might die!
Would that this moment I might hear the bell

That bids the traveler for the road prepare,
Be the next stopping-place or heaven or hell!
Strange caravan of death - no fears have I
Of the dark journey, gladly would I dare
The fearful river and the whirling pools:
Ah! they that dwell upon the other side,
What know they of the burdens that we bear?
With lit-up happy faces having died,
What know they of Love's bitter mystery,
The love that makes so sad a fool of me?
A fool of Hafiz! - yes, a fool of fools. 16

In conclusion let us enjoy the following delightfully conceived and inscribed poem. It is from a treatise on love by an Arab writer:

Someone questioned me as to how old I was,
Since he saw white hair on my temples and forelocks:
I answered him: "One moment, for there is nothing beside it
That I consider to be life, judging it by reason and just opinion!"
And he said to me: "How is that, explain it to me, for you surely
Have told me the most stupendous news!"
And I said: "The one to whom my heart is attached
I kissed one day, with a little kiss, by surprise:
And I do not count, even though my years be many,
But that little moment to be, in reality, my life!" 17